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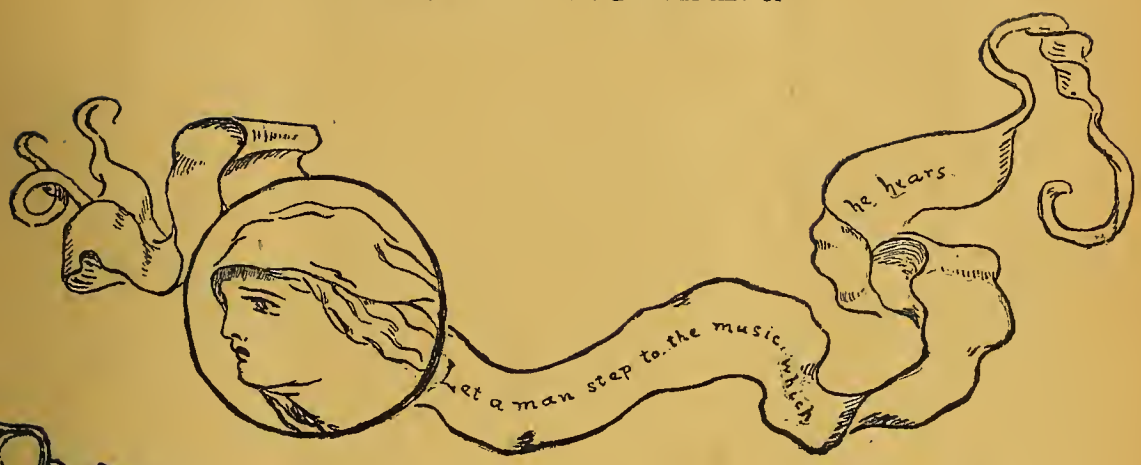

The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME III.—NO. XIX.

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FEBRUARY 13, 1892.

GRAPHIC PRINT, NEWTON, MASS.

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. III. NEWTON, MASS., FEBRUARY 13, 1892. No. 19

The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price $2.00 a year. Weekly copies 5 cents. Monthly copies 15 cents.

EDITORS:

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JANET E. DAVIDSON, '92. AGNES S. HOLBROOK, '92.
HELEN G. EAGER, '93 CAROLINE N. NEWMAN, '93.
HELEN R. STAHR, '94.
ETHEL STANWOOD, '94. ANNIE SYBIL MONTAGUE, '79.
MISS CAROLINE MUDGETT, SP.

All literary communications from the students of the college should be sent to the LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Annie Sybil Montagne, Wellesley College Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions and all business communications should be sent *in all cases*, to Helen Eager, Wellesley College, Wellesley Mass

Advertisements should be addressed to Mr. Fred W. Walker, 74 Tremont street, Room 21, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Matter at Post Office, Newton, Mass.

EDITORIAL

There is a question which the PRELUDE editors desire to have agitated during this term, which should be of interest to all Wellesley students. The question concerns the form of their college publication for next year.

The editors, and many of the students, feel very strongly that the time has come when Wellesley should publish a literary magazine. A weekly paper at its best can never fully represent the highest work of a college. At the most it can contain but three literary articles, and these must often be of inferior quality, on account of the necessary shortness of time expended in making up the number. Then, too, the editors are taxed to their utmost in the preparation of the issue, when obliged to solicit contributions weekly.

Vassar, Dartmouth, Brown and many other colleges, publish magazines of high literary excellence and permanent value. There ought to be no reason why Wellesley should not have her "Literary" as well. Her students are certainly capable of supporting it from a literary point of view. Are they ready to give it their hearty co-operation and sympathy? This is the question which the editors wish the students to answer in the columns of the PRELUDE.

Brown and Dartmouth support, beside the monthly number, a weekly news issue. Would Wellesley give to a news sheet as well the material support of an extra subscription price? Money, alas, is vitally necessary to the well being of a college publication.

The PRELUDE asks that all, who have any interest in their college publication, ponder well these two questions which we put before you. On the exchange table in the reading room will be found several monthly magazines, which may be consulted by those who are ignorant of the character of a "Literary." Read them carefully, and then ask yourself if you do not desire to see your Alma Mater represented to the world in a similar way. And when you have pondered well this question, and answered it to your satisfaction, the PRELUDE asks that you write an article for publication in its columns, and make known your conclusions. If you think that Wellesley can financially support a monthly literary number and a news issue, tell us so. If you think that a literary monthly alone is necessary, tell us that.

The PRELUDE begs that all who are interested, Faculty, Alumnæ, Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshman may give an answer to the question, for the board of editors, in making its plans for next year's publication, desires, as far as possible, to take into consideration the wishes and desires of all who will support it.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT LETTER.

95 Rivington St., Feb. 3, 1892.

DEAR FRIENDS:—It is very hard to tell just where to begin a letter about the College Settlement. Every incident is so interesting to the workers, and yet relatively little will be interesting in cold type which can be wisely put there.

One of our new residents is a teacher of drawing and clay-modelling, and has introduced the latter work into two of the boys' clubs with the utmost success. The boys are very much interested and some of them have modelled most life-like turnips and potatoes. The wood-carving class is still in progress and there again we have been pleasantly surprised by the good work of several of the boys.

Our library work has been extended by establishing home libraries in various quarters. One is in the Italian quarter; another was established in the Norfolk Street primary school at the request of the teacher. She knew of our library because some of her boys brought the books to school, and she came to us to ask the privilege for others. Now each Friday the well-behaved boys take books out for over Sunday. Tomorrow another library is to be established in Double Alley, off Cherry street, a place made famous in Riis' book. We feel much interested in this venture, for a similar attempt made by others in the past was abandoned because the books were ill-treated and lost. We shall do our best to make it a success.

Last week I was called to a patient in Ragman's Alley, also fully described by Riis. Its directory number is 119 Willett street, and as this one numeral stands for several houses I stumbled first into a typical dark room, in which were three old women sorting rags. My patient, however, lived up one flight and I found a room spotless in appearance, with plants at the windows and at the head of the bed two cages containing pigeons. It was a pleasure to go into such a home, though it consisted only of a light kitchen and a dark bedroom.

In place of the entertainments given last year by the clubs, our friends from out of town have come in to give us concerts and lectures. We value this means of bringing our two sets of friends together, while, besides, our regular work is not interfered with by "dress rehearsals," and their accompanying evils. A Vassar graduate from uptown comes down each week to give talks to the "Young Keystones" on the American Revolution. Each evening the club goes in a body to the elevated station and watches train after train until she arrives. New Year's day they were invited to call on her at one of the most beautiful of New York's hotels, which face the Park. On their return every detail was minutely described from the colored waiter to the "three-cornered piano with the keys all on one side." Then the whole was summed up in the grave expression, "It was like the palace of a king."

Tomorrow one of the members of the Mother's Club invites the club and our household to meet at her house. The members of this club and their husbands were invited here to Thanksgiving dinner, and we appreciate most highly this return of our hospitality.

My leisure for letter writing has come to an end, and I must leave all the other interesting items for the time unrecorded.

Very Sincerely,

Mary B. Dimon, M. D.

Class of '86.

WELLESLEY DEMOCRACY.

"Why waste your time in him," I said.
"The man is silly, stupid, flat."
Rebelliously she shook her head,
"A man's a man for a' that."

S.

Is Mathew Arnold's Criticism of Chaucer Justified?

In order to approach this question, we must first understand the position taken by the great critic who says that Chaucer is not one of the great classics. These are his words:

"Chaucer is not one of the great classics. His poetry transcends and effaces easily all the romance poetry of Catholic Christendom, it transcends and effaces all the English poetry contemporary with it, transcends all the English poetry down to the Elizabethan age. Of such avail is poetic truth of substance, in its natural and necessary union with poetic truth and style; and yet I say, Chaucer is not one of the great classics. He has not their accent. What is wanting to him is suggested by the mere mention of the name of the first great classic of Christendom, Dante. * * * * However we may account for its absence, something is wanting, then, to the poetry of Chaucer, which poetry must have before it can be placed in the glorious class of the best. And there is no doubt what that something is. It is the *spoudaiotes*, the high and excellent *seriousness*. * * * His criticism of life has largeness, freedom, shrewdness, benignity, but it has not this high seriousness. Homer's criticism of life has it. Dante's has it. Shakespeare's has it."

Here we are met by the use of that dangerous and perplexing word, "classic." We may not, in the meagreness of our knowledge attempt to contradict so great a writer as Mr. Arnold: so let us first look into the meaning of this word. The word "classic" is used in two distinct senses. The first, that of "the best," when applied to writers, designates those in the front rank, whose thought, style, language, whether they be in prose or poetry, Greek, or English, are of the highest value. In the other case, "classic" is used in opposition to "romantic." The difference between the two may be characterized thus. "The peculiarity of the classic style is reserve, self-suppression of the writer. The romantic is self-reflecting. In the one the writer stands aloof from his theme, in the other he pervades it. The classic treatment draws attention to the matter in hand, the romantic to the hand in the matter." Dante and Homer are pre-eminently representative of the classic style. Chaucer is not.

With this understanding, may we not ask Mr. Arnold if he has drawn a sharp line between these two uses of the word, and if there may not be one "of the glorious class of the best" on the romantic side of the line? Yet neither is Chaucer strictly a romantic writer. Rather is he both classic and romantic. But is not the *spoudaiotes* of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare to be found in Chaucer in another phase than that insisted upon by our critic? We do not claim for him the accent of the classic school. The hand of the "thousand-souled" Chaucer is too plainly visible in the matter, his style is too delightfully self-reflecting for that. But if when Mr. Arnold says that Chaucer is not one of the great classics, he means that, as a writer, his name cannot be ranked in the first order, we cannot justify to ourselves the criticism. We would write Chaucer among the greatest names. Nor are we without support in doing this.

Emerson says, "Shakespeare, Homer, Dante, Chaucer, saw the splendor of meaning that plays over the visible world, knew that a tree had another use than for apples, and corn another than for meal, * * * that these things bore a second, finer harvest to the mind, being emblems of its thought and conveying in all their natural history, a certain mute commentary on human life."

And Lowell, "He seemed to have arrived in his old age, at the truth essential to all really great poetry * * that there is nothing deeper in life than life itself. We find more and more as we study him that he rises quietly

from the conventional to the universal and may fairly take his place with Homer, in virtue of the breadth of his humanity." What higher elements can enter into any poetry than these? What higher form of *seriousness* can there be in criticism of life?

We may then, affirm that Chaucer belongs to the poets of the first order. I say this, having adopted the criterion which Ruskin has set for poets. Poets of the first order are those who "feel strongly, think strongly and see truly."

I. I say Chaucer felt strongly. First, he felt the condition of the time, especially the hollowness of the church. In proof of this, a study of the characters of the Canterbury Tales, where the prioresse, the pardoner, the friar, the monk, and summoner are grouped together under the colors of shallowness, selfishness and deceit, reveals Chaucer's position. In contrast to these his parson and his clerk represent the highest types of character. He was a religious reformer exerting his influence in a strong but subtle way, as the roots of a tree growing in the cleft of a rock, finally push the parts of it asunder.

He felt, also, the social and political evils of the times. He shows this in many of his later poems, but especially in the little ballad, "Lak of Stedfastneses," sent to King Richard, in which he says:

"Trouthe is put doun, resoun is holden fable,
Vertu hath now no dominacioun,
Pitee exyled, no man is merciable,
Through covetyse is blent discrecioun;
The world hath mad a permutacioun
Fro right to wrong, fro trouthe to fikelnesse,
That al is lost, for lak of stedfastnesse."

This same element is seen in his sympathy for his characters which are, in a way, selected types of humanity. We are made to smile at their gladness and weep at their suffering. The gentle sarcasm which we so often find running through his descriptions is not the real Chaucer, but shows us the depth of the nature of the man, who, though he saw so plainly the foibles and weakness of human nature, could smile at them so generously.

II. He thought strongly. It seems quite unnecessary to attempt to prove to any who know and love Chaucer, that his thoughts are strong. In the direct, simple, forceful manner of presenting his characters, situations, and narratives, there are no half crystallized ideas, no weak sentiments. The riches which he brought from other tongues to the English language shows what a deep influence his study had upon his own mind. That he speaks but seldom of the higher life and immortality does not contradict our point. His attitude is is not that of the speculative philosopher, but of the active humanitarian. The lines from Knight's Tale at the death of Arcite express his position.

"But on his ladye yet caste he his ye,
"His laste word was, "Mercy Emelye."
His spirit chaunged house, and wente ther
As I cane nevere, I can not tellen wher."

III. Furthermore, I say, he saw truly. He described with the power of the keen observer, both nature and men. He is charming in all descriptions, from that of the dainty table manners of the prioresse, to that of the daisy in the Prologue to the Legend of Good Women, where in the early morning, he watched the little flower unclose,

"Kneling alwey, til it unclosed was,
Upon the smale, softe, swote gras."

His clear vision and sincerity are no less apparent in his dramatic power. He saw and interpreted the springs of action in human life, in such a way as to present them in natural and rapidly succeeding dramatic scenes, in many of his poems. By some it is thought that, had the stage been ripe for his genius, his power of depicting character, and his strong appreciation of dramatic situations, would have sufficed to make him not only, poet, philosopher, man of the world, but

dramatist as well. At least he was pointing the way for the genius of the age of Elizabeth.

Now, are we in danger of exaggerating the power of this "golden-hearted old worthy?" We love him because he is ours. What Homer and Hesiod were in the Greek language, that was Chaucer to ours. What Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio combined, were, with all their inheritance of Latin literature, to Italy, that was Chaucer, alone, with no national inheritance, to England. Ought he not, then, to rank with Homer and Dante? What Shakespeare might have been had he been placed in the time of Chaucer, beset with all the difficulties of language and social customs, we cannot say, but we can only think that he would, himself, grant to Chaucer, *spoudaiotes* even though it were not of the same kind as his own. We may perhaps call this quality as well, power and earnestness in life and work, which we feel sure Chaucer possessed, as a man and as a poet.

Helena M. Corey.

AN EXPERIMENT FROM ÆSCHYLUS.

The Seven against Thebes. Lines 567–626.

(In the original metre, literally, and line for line.)

An Argive army, led by seven chieftains, attacks Thebes. Their object is the restoration of one of their number, Polynices, to the throne. The ruling king in Thebes, Eteocles, is his brother. The chorus in the drama is composed of excitable, uncontrollable Theban women.

A messenger comes, announcing to the king the posts of the seven commanders.

Messenger:

Sixth I would name the man most moderate yet
And bravest, seer Amphiaraus, the strong.
At the Homol gate in station set
With many taunts he pelts Tydeus the strong.

Tydeus, man-slaughterer, the city's pest,
Of ills to Argos the instructor best,
Of Fury summoner, minister of death,
Who to Adrastus evil counselleth.

Shouting to him of the same seed as thou,
Strong Polynices, lifting up his brow,
Twice in the end his name he cuts in two
And calls, and from his mouth this missile flew:

"Sooth, such a deed the gods it pleaseth well!
'Tis sweet to hear and after-ones to tell.
That city thine and gods thou bring'st to harm,
Fallen upon, by force of foreign arm.

"A mother struck, what pain shall quench the blow?
And mother-land, by spear thy haste shall throw
Captive, can she be help against thy foe?

"But I, the seer, I shall enrich this dust,
Beneath a hostile soil in darkness thrust,
To battle! to an honored end, I trust."

So spake the seer, wielding his rounded shield,
All brass, with no device upon its field.

To be the best, not seem, the prophet's goal,
Reaping the harvest of his deep-soiled soul
From which his counsels spring, a goodly toll.

Noble and wise should his opponents be,
Who reverences the gods, dreadful is he.

Eteocles:

Ah! for the ominous bird that by one tether
The righteous with the impious links together.

Beset is nothing by more evil gloom
Than league with ill, fruit without garner-room,
Seed-land of folly fruits a crop of doom.

A reverent man, embarked upon the flood
With sailors hotly bent on villain-hood,
Is ruined with the god-detested brood.

Or with his townsmen, he, the righteous, even—
They stranger-hating and not heeding heaven—

All-justly, by the self-same snare decoyed,
Smit by a common scourge, hath God destroyed.

And so the seer—'tis Oicles' son I mean,
Temperate and just and reverent and clean,

The mighty prophet joined with men of nought,
With bold-mouthed men, despite his better thought,

In unreturning file on the long road,
With them shall be dragged down, by will of God.

I think he will not fall upon the gate,
Not as faint-heart, nor full of rancorous hate,
But knowing that in battle is his fate.

If fruit shall be from words the Loxian said,
Who speaketh not or fitting words are sped.

Strong Lasthenes to him we will oppose,
Gate-warder he, and hater of his foes.

Old is his mind, his body strong in youth,
His eye swift-footed and his hand not loath

From out the shield to snatch the spear, laid bare;
But gift of gods to men is fortune fair.

CHORUS. 202–209. 209–216.

Strophe:

Oh, Œdipus' dear child,
I was frightened by the chariot-clank of cars that clashed
When the whirling wheel-cranks crashed.
And the horses wild
In their mouths with ire
Champed the bridles, born of fire.

Antistrophe:

But we hurried, I and my mates,
To the ancient shrine of the gods of our home, the divinities' seat.
At the din of the deadly sleet,
Sleeting in the gates,
Prayers of terror I sent
To the Blessed above us bent.

From the list of the graduates at Yale in 1891 it is seen that fifty-one are studying law, eight medicine, seven theology, thirty-one are teaching, five are engaged in newspaper work, ten are taking post-graduate courses, and sixty-three are in business.

The Faculty of the University of Wisconsin have abolished examinations except where the class standing falls below 85 per cent.

MR. CRONINSHIELD.

We were all proud of Kate: and when she came to us one June morning, with a pretty flush on her cheek and a happy light in her eyes, and said that she was going abroad, we were truly glad, and rejoiced in her good fortune.

"I feel so very selfish about going," she added, looking from one to another of us in her bright way, "because of course, although I go in Nell's party, I am expected to pay my own expenses. When the invitation came, at first I said 'No' positively, because I knew papa couldn't afford it. But it was such a disappointment that mamma said I must go, and papa said he thought they could fix it. So when I considered that this trip would be of inestimable value to me in my literary career, and that I should be better able to do so much more in the end for dear papa and mamma and the children, I felt it my duty to go. So I wrote to Nell and accepted, and I sail the 26th. But I can't help feeling selfish, you know."

We emphasized to her satisfaction our disapproval of such a feeling, and to ourselves praised her tender consideration. For, as I said before, we were very proud of Kate, and her judgment was certainly infallible. So one sunshiny morning Kate, radiantly happy, sailed for Europe, and the best wishes, and prayers, and hopes of the whole village followed her.

But they were very economical at the parsonage that year. The little mother was sore pressed to make both ends meet. Stout little Polly squeezed herself into Kate's old gowns, and tried to look comfortable and contented. Rob who had been looking forward confidently to college that fall, put his hopes away and taught the village school. And the dear, old parson quite forgot to buy the thick winter coat which he so much needed. The thought of Kate's happiness kept him almost warm.

It was not strange that the whole village was proud of Kate. She was certainly fair to look upon. She was so tall and stately, and she carried her little head with its crown of golden braids so erect. Then, too, she had such an exceptionally brilliant intellect. Report was that she had read fluently on her fourth birthday. At six she attempted the instruction of half a dozen village children, all older than herself, and when I came to read Greek and Latin with her father, she insisted upon joining the class, and, in spite of my most manly endeavors, she soon left me far behind. Still we were always the best of friends, and when study hours were over, with the seven children as chorus, made the old parsonage ring with jollification.

Naturally, when I went to Harvard Kate went to Wellesley, although her four years there proved a severe drain upon the family purse. But, as Kate said confidently, when she took her degree she could easily support herself and her whole family by teaching. So the petty economies at the parsonage were borne by the seven brothers and sisters without a murmur, and they, and the whole village, as well, prophesied that Kate would work her way to fame without any difficulty.

Her college course was certainly successful. She was very happy there. She reigned like a queen among the girls, and, without any apparent intellectual exertion, won the reputation of being the most brilliant student in the class. She took her degree and then to our great surprise returned home to the little village.

"I am not going to teach, dear old papa," she said. "I find that I am called to fill a much higher place than that of teacher. I shall henceforth devote myself exclusively to literature and write stories. Every one says that I have a marked talent for that, and I have begun upon a novel already."

The little parson marvelled and admired: the village congratulated and applauded; and every one said that Kate would undoubtedly rival George Eliot. Polly, alone, was sad. Kate had promised to send her to school with a part of the abundant proceeds of her first year's teaching. But Polly soon conforted herself with the reflection that she was undoubtedly not clever enough to go away to school, and she drove away the little dream without a sigh, and, greatest sacrifice of all, gave up to Kate her own sun-bright chamber for a study. If Polly was not clever, she had a loving little heart, and she would have cut off her own very busy right hand for her talented sister, had she but asked for it.

Kate made a very pleasant study out of Polly's sunny room, with her desk, and the books and pictures which she had collected during her college course, and every morning she shut herself in, utterly absorbed in the production of her novel. In the afternoon she appeared fresh and smiling, her cheeks pink, her amber eyes darkened by the excitement of her work, but ready to chatter and laugh with us all, and particularly eager to discuss the progress and merits of her novel.

"It is to be a novel without a hero," she admitted one June afternoon, when we were all out under the elms eating strawberries and cream.

"Like Vanity Fair?" I questioned mildly.

I met with wrathful scorn.

"Like Vanity Fair? Well I think not, Dick. My novel I want you all to distinctly understand, is original in plot and treatment. Besides it has a hero, only he does not come into the book exactly. It's a new idea of mine, and a particularly good one I think, but I can't explain it to you; you must wait until the book is finished to appreciate it."

I ventured no more remarks, but devoted my energies to throwing bits of sugar wafer into Cricket's mouth. Cricket was Kate's

Skye terrier, and the laziest dog that ever wagged a stump of a tail.

Kate finished her strawberries and cream, and looked down upon us all with her usual pretty air of superiority.

"I shall surprise you all very much now. Don't be frightened. My novel is going to be a psychological novel." She emphasized the long word with a little nod.

I wisely kept silence, but Polly, with two fat strawberries suspended in spoon between mouth and saucer, cried "What's that?" "I can hardly make you understand I am afraid, my dear," replied the young authoress, but I'll do my best. In the first place, my novel is going to be subjective. It deals not with facts, but with impressions, sensations and emotions. In the ordinary every day novel, you know, we have a hero and heroine and the plot centres around them. Now my scheme, which I flatter myself is very clever, is different. I, have a heroine, and a hero, who to be sure does not come into the book, but they are of little importance, for the novel really deals only with the secondary characters, The plot is worked out by observing the effect of certain things upon them, and by analyzing their perceptions and emotions. Do you think you all understand?"

Polly was silent, but I thinking that some response was called for, came to the rescue, and murmured something which might have meant either yes or no.

Kate, however, appeared satisfied.

"This is another good feature about it," she continued, "and that is that the characters are all drawn from life. I am the heroine of course, and the secondary characters are all people around here. You're in it Polly, and you, Dick, and papa, and Dr. Bushnell, and Aunt Sally, and half a dozen others. And you're all as natural as life, if I do say so."

And Kate threw back her pretty head and laughed.

Polly and I were stunned at the greatness so suddenly and unexpectedly thrust upon us, but Rob asked.

"Who poses for the hero that isn't in it?" Kate seemed struck with a new idea.

"I haven't got one yet," she said.

It was only a week after that that Kate received her invitation to go abroad, and, in the hurried preparations for departure, the great psychological novel without a hero, was almost forgotten, but, at the last moment, Kate packed the manuscript in her steamer trunk.

Kate was superlatively happy among the mountains and ruins of the Old World. She wrote delightful letters every week to the parsonage, full of capital bits of description which Dickens himself might have been proud to write, we thought. For of course the letters entered every house in the village.

It was in September, I think, when Kate first mentioned Mr. Croninshield. She had met him in Venice, and from her description we judged him to be a veritable Apollo—with improvements. He was an Englishman, rich, talented, handsome, and a perfect gentleman. The village gossips nodded their heads significantly when they read of him.

It appeared that Mr. Croninshield joined Kate's party in Venice, for the letters which followed always contained his name, and very often an account of some thrilling adventure from which he had rescued her. It was certainly surprising, the number of strange mishaps which befell Kate after Mr. Croninshield had met her. She lost herself in the Catacombs of Rome. She was captured by brigands in the Appenines. She was buried in snow among the Alps, and, just as she was succumbing to each danger, Mr. Croninshield rushed valiantly upon the scene and rescued her.

These adventures naturally threw our little village into the most intense excitment all that winter. They were discussed over and over

again in every household, and I have no doubt that Kate found in the letters which we sent to her in return quite as much edification and amusement.

In April Kate returned to us, tanned by the sea-wind, but brighter, happier and more charming than ever. There was great rejoicing at her home coming. The village feted her, and feasted her, and honored her, and she reigned like a little queen over us all. The study was soon aired and dusted, and in a few days the indefatigable Kate was at work again upon her novel. Her trip had evidently furnished her with much valuable information which she was anxious to use.

Kate seemed unusually touched with the love and kindness which the village expressed toward her after her return. She gave them a great deal of her time, and was never weary of recounting for their benefit her marvellous adventures, and listening to their exclamations of wonder and admiration. Then, too, she would read them portions of Mr. Croninshield's letters, which were certainly wonderful compositions, and she confessed to each one in strictest confidence, with the faintest tinge of rose upon her cheek, how much she admired and respected him.

Therefore, we were quite prepared when Kate broke the news of her engagement, but we were much surprised when she announced her intention of marrying that very month in England, and of taking ten of us abroad with her.

She explained it all, however, quite to our satisfaction.

"Mr. Croninshield you know is of a very high family in England, and so, naturally he feels that his wedding can take place only in St. George's. Of course that means that I must go to England. But Mr. Croninshield, who is really the very exponent of kindness, is unwilling that I should make the trip alone, and so wants me to ask eleven of my friends to go with me, and attend the wedding. He defrays all expenses, has furnished a trousseau for me over there, and has even engaged passages for twelve Isn't he kind, and arn't we happy? finished Kate rapturously.

Kate found no difficulty in selecting eleven fellow-passengers. Her father, Polly and I were of the number, and the whole village was thrown into the greatest excitement, although it grieved as well at the thought of parting with its favorite. There was no time for preparations before the steamer sailed, and "Really," said Kate, everything will be prepared for us over there, and Mr. Croninshield says, 'Don't stop for frills and furbelows.'" Never was this such an excited village, and yet Kate the least excited of us all, worked away on her novel every morning.

The days flew past swiftly, and the morning of departure came. Half the village were laughing, and the other half weeping, when suddenly down the street rushed Polly, hat off, curls flying, and vivid horror depicted in every feature.

"Mr. Croninshield dead," she gasped. "Telegram this morning. Kate broken-hearted, and we won't go to Europe." With this climax she rushed on to the next house with her mournful burden of tidings.

I hurried to the parsonage, but was not admitted, Kate had shut herself in her room, and refused to see anyone. A suspicion of treachery on the part of the chief actor in this tragedy entered my mind, and, at the same time, the thought of those twelve passages engaged on the Cephalonia. They must be cancelled. I boarded the train which was to have carried the happy bridal party away, and in a couple of hours was in the office of the Cunard line of steamers. A bustling little man, stout and red-faced, answered my questions gruffly. No passages had been engaged. Never had heard of no Mr. Croninshield. I hated him from that moment, although he but

confirmed the suspicions of my own heart. Yes, it was too true. Kate had been deceived by some English adventurer, and it was my duty to break the sad news to her, my dear old playfellow, to her whom I loved better than life itself.

The afternoon train bore me home. The sooner my disagreeable duty was performed the better it would be for Kate. I longed to undeceive her and to expose the base perfidy of that wretched man. I found myself repeating "Poor Kate" over and over throughout the journey, which seemed interminable. But it was over at last. I was at home, and my next duty was to see Kate at all risks.

There was a depressed, mournful look about the parsonage which brought the sense of poor Kate's loss more vividly before me. It's dull blinds were tightly closed over the front windows. The hospitable old door, which was always ajar during the summer days, was shut, and the lion's face upon the knocker wore a dismal expression of settled melancholy. The very elms that towered above the house drooped their branches and sighed. Everywhere was silence and gloom. "Poor Kate." I said again as I knocked, and Cricket, who lay upon the doorstep, a little bunch of silkiness, looked up at me, his great ruby eyes filled with tears, and uttered a dismal, sympathetic howl. Poor little dog. How deeply he felt for his sorrowing mistress!

The door was opened slowly and solemnly by Polly, and by such a queer Polly that I scarcely recognized her. The usually curly locks, now parted over her forehead and shining with a recent application of brush and water, were drawn down into a painful little braid tied with black ribbons, and upon her face was a most curious expression of mingled awe and vague importance.

"Can I? Do you think? Will it be possible for me to see Kate?" I stammered awkwardly, overcome with the funereal solemnity of the occasion.

Polly deliberated, her finger on her lips, and then in a hoarse whisper thought I might. So she stole down the hall on tip-toe, peeped through the half open door into the sitting room, and then, with some funny gestures which might have meant anything, signified that I was to follow. I followed to the open door, and the mysterious Polly, her little braid bristling with vague importance, tip-toed away, and left me to make my entrance alone and unannounced.

Kate was seated at the piano softly playing some little song that was like a prayer, and she did not hear me approach. I stood on the threshold, looking about the shabby, old room. How dear it seemed at that moment! My heart went out to it in a sudden burst of affection which glorified even the faded roses in the carpet and the chairs so sadly out at the elbows. There was a bright square of sunlight on the floor and the shadows of the elm leaves were inextricably tangled within it.

There was always sunshine and light there, for eight happy children had made it their playroom. And now she, who had been the happiest of them all, was bending beneath a sorrow whose burden we could not lighten. Poor, dear Kate! How fair she looked with the afternoon sunlight upon her crown of golden braids, and how deeply, how hopelessly I loved her.

"Kate, dear," I stammered awkwardly, "Please pardon me for intruding upon you in your great sorrow. I know that nothing I can say or do will be of any comfort to you now, but I did want to tell you that my heart ached with yours, and that I would have given my life to keep this sorrow away from you."

A little white hand left the keyboard and sought mine. "Thank you, Dick," she murmured.

She looked up at me out of her dark-lashed eyes, and I saw there no trace of tears. Surely she was bearing her sorrow with great for-

titude. But I was not surprised. Kate was different from other girls, and capable of any degree of stoicism.

We were both silent after that, while I watched the leaf shadows dancing in the sunlight, and pondered in what way I should break my bitter discovery to Kate. Her calmness gave me more courage than I expected to have, and when she asked me, with a faint affectation of interest about Aunt Sally and the doctor, and others who were to have gone on that imaginary trip, I found it easy to begin. "Kate, dear," putting myself in readiness to support her in case she should faint, I have come with a very hard message, and I hardly know just how to tell you what it is. In fact, I could not tell you, if I were not confident that you were a brave girl, and could bear up against any blow, however great it be. Dear Kate. I have every reason to believe that Mr. Croninshield has been basely deceiving you. The telegram which you received this morning is evidently false, and sent simply that an engagement of which he is tired, might be broken off, Kate." I spoke low, but emphatically. "*Not a single passage was secured on any European steamer by that man.* Is that not a sufficient proof of his base deceit and treachery?"

Kate did not reply. She had turned away her head, so that I could see only one very flushed cheek, and her fingers played nervously with the black ribbons at her waist.

It was very still in the room, save for the incessant ticking of a rattling little clock. Out of doors I heard a soft rustling of elm leaves, the low lazy drone of insect life in the grass, and a far away elusive bird song.

Why did Kate keep me thus in suspense? I broke the silence.

"Kate, did you hear what I said?"

"Yes," very low.

"Are you not surprised at least."

"No," still lower.

"Not surprised?" Why Kate?

"I — I knew it all before, because, now Dick, dear stupid old boy, don't be cross, because you know there never was any Mr. Croninshield."

I felt a faint glimmer of the truth try to penetrate my naturally hazy intellect.

"Do you mean to say, Kate, that he was the hero who wasn't in your novel?"

"Yes," said Kate, trying to laugh, but still refusing to look at me, "that is all. I had to invent him and make him alive, and have him fall in love with me, or how could I see how a love affair in real life would affect my secondary characters. I wanted to make my novel very realistic and true to life, so I acted it out, you know, and at last matters got to such a crisis that I had to kill Mr. Croninshield to settle them. Nell wrote the letters. That's all. And you were all so delightfully emotional, and, and so absurdly credulous."

I did not know what to say to this foolish young woman, who had made us all so ridiculous. I wanted to scold her. She certainly deserved it. But, but how could I when she was so charming in her saucinesss, and when I loved her so deeply.

She was the first to break the silence.

"Dick, you must read my novel. I am sure you will like it. The characters are so cleverly drawn, especially yours. It will be very successful I think. Don't you?"

"I know how you can make it more so," I said gravely. I was in no mood for trifling. "How is that?"

"Make it a novel *with* a hero."

"Yes? But where can I find my hero, Dick?"

"Kate, dearest. Couldn't you make one of me?"

There was another pause, a long one, and then Kate said softly:

"Dick you are right. We will tear the old novel up together, and I will begin another, and Dick, my dear old boy, you shall be its hero."

Then for the first time she looked at me, and her great, dark-lashed eyes met mine.

Blanche Baker.

"Futurum Esse."

Swift and sweet and strong
As the harmonies of a song,
She comes to her rightful place.
The light of God in her face.

In the thick of the fray she stands,
Life's noblest gifts in her hands;
Glad and gracious and good,
Grand in her womanhood.

Truth on the fearless brow,
Love on the lips that now
Quiver with tenderness,
Yet are strong to comfort, to bless.

Strength out of weakness grown
Through the centuries swiftly flown;
Gift of the silent years
To the nations' needs and fears.

Serene on the silent height
She stands in life's latest light;
Glad and gracious and good,
Grand in her womanhood.

H. M.

DID WOO HIP "ASSIMILATE"?

"Miss Noat, me vely sad."

"What's the matter, Woo Hip."

"Me mallied little China woman. Me want my wife live in good house. Me go vely many places, me pay heap big rent. Evly man he say 'Git out, no China men here.' Little wife vely sick in Chinatown."

"That's a shame! I'll see what I can do. You come to my house tomorrow night."

"Tank you, you vely good. Goo-by."

Margaret North's black eyes flashed as she said to a friend: "It's a burning shame that a good fellow like Woo Hip can't get a house in a respectable neighborhood just because he is a Chinaman. If I had a store I'd let him have it. If only people would not think all Chinamen bad. Let's go to the door until meeting begins. It's so close here."

While they stood on the step, Arnold Winslowe came along the walk with several small satellites revolving about him. He had a wonderful knack with boys — especially bad boys. "Mr. Winslowe might help me," thought Margaret. "I know he would be very ready if it were not a Chinaman concerned. Anyway I'll try. Perhaps I can convert him."

After meeting, Mr. Winslowe and Miss North stood talking together. "You believe in good deeds, don't you, Mr. Winslowe?"

"I hope so."

"Then you will be willing to be a party to one, I suppose. A double good deed, in fact. I expect it to have a reflex influence. To come to the point, I have a tenant for your empty store. Would you like one?"

"So you think I need a tenant. Does your man come well recommended?"

"I'll warrant him, if that will do. Promise me to try him? Don't disappoint me."

They parted, Margaret to wonder if she had taken an unwise step; Arnold to wonder what made Margaret North's eye so earnest, and what she meant by "Don't disappoint me." He knew when Woo Hip appeared the next day. But for that "Don't disappoint me," Woo Hip would have gone away storeless.

A few days after that, Mr. Winslowe met Miss North. "I have the tenant," he said, "but I must say I think you have chosen a strange protege."

"I think not, but what are your objections?"

"Well, he's a Chinaman. He will probably saturate the house with opium — and the dirt! Never can rent the house to decent people. Moreover, he hates Americans and American ways. He will not assimilate. He —"

"Excuse me for contradicting, but I think I know the man in question better than you do. Keep your eyes open, you won't find him conservative."

"All right, but I don't expect to be convinced. When shall I report?"

"Let's wait six months."

"Very well, six months' silence on the Chinese question."

On Sunday morning Arnold noticed Woo Hip come into church, and a few minutes later a dainty Chinese girl, who crept into a seat directly back of his majesty, her husband. "Wife, I suppose; Chinese custom well grounded. I'll jot that down in my memory." So thought Arnold Winslow.

A few more Sundays passed. Then Mrs. Woo came and sat beside the man. "She is getting too bold and will upset my theory, as sure as I am Arnold Winslow."

Two weeks later he looked anxiously to see if Miss North saw what he saw. Woo Hip gallantly invited his wife down the aisle, and standing back allowed her to enter before him. But, alas, Arnold's heart must be still more dismayed. One morning late in the spring, the Chinese couple walked nearly to the front. Woo Hip entered the row first, put down the seat, stepped out and little Fan sat down with less trouble than Deacon King's elegant wife herself.

"Those people are getting interesting in spite of me. Guess I'll step into the "Sun Beauty" store some day. Make a business call upon my tenant."

Margaret, meanwhile, was getting acquainted more with little Fan. She learned how Fan had been kidnapped and brought to San Francisco as a slave; and how while she was still a child she had escaped and gone to the Home of Chinese Girls, where she had learned to read and sew and to be a "Clistin," as she said.

One morning Margaret found Fan alone in the store. She had swept and dusted as usual, and was lighting the incense which Woo Hip found attracted the passers-by better than his red sun on the windows. Margaret noticed Fan's silence and after some coaxing found out her trouble. Early that morning some officers had carried Woo off on the charge of faro playing. They said they had seen him at the table the night before. "He no do it. He no gamble. He Clistin. He go to man on Downey street to buy hoss. Man's name? He name Blown."

"Don't worry Fan. I'll do all I can."

Margaret went immediately to Mr. Brown, who fortunately was willing to help even a Chinaman out of difficulty. So Woo Hip was cleared and Miss North and Mr. Brown were flooded with presents from the grateful couple.

Time went on. Winslow called and saw the pretty, clean store and conversed with the proprietor about his business. He was surprised to see such a clear head, but more to notice that Woo Hip had an interesting face, one that did not look like the generic Chinaman.

The six months ended on Sunday. "I'll wait till evening to make my confession," said Winslow to himself. Just then Mr. and Mrs. Woo brought their little girl for baptism. Arnold was surprised — but his surprise was doubled when the minister pronounced the name: — "Margaret North." Said Winslowe, "What has Margaret North been doing, I'll find out before I see her." So that afternoon he went to the "Sun Beauty" and heard the story of all her kindnesses, and of the part she played in the faro affair.

That night as Arnold and Margaret walked home, she said: "Are you convinced now that Woo Hip is as much a man as your beloved Mike or Karl Kieler or John Smith?"

"Yes — but I am convinced of something more. All these six months I have been watching you. I * * * *

The same people who had watched Woo and his wife in church, now saw the end of another interesting development. Now Arnold Winslow and Margaret North always sit together.

Sarah H. Bixby, '94.

A winter tennis court is being constructed at Bryn Mawr.—*Ex.*

Across The Hills.

Across the hills at break of day,
The breath of dawn upon my face,
Along the heather's purpling way,
And through the spring-tide's wistful grace:
Across the hills with lingering feet,
Ah, life is sweet!

Across the hills, the noon-tide nigh,
Aglow with joys the harvest yields,
A glory in the autumn sky,
A glory on the autumn fields:
Across the hills with eager feet,
Ah, toil is sweet!

Across the hills at fall of night,
The winter snows upon my hair,
Across the hills, and out of sight,
I mark the miles with wordless prayer:
Across the hills with faltering feet.
Ah, death is sweet!

Ada S. Woolfolk, '91.

A DISCUSSION OF CREEDS.

It was a big, flat, granite door-step, an old-fashioned door-step, and the girl on it was an old-fashioned girl.

She was very pretty, was Katherine Brown, and the sun from behind was making a glory of her brown hair and sending a grotesque shadow of a giant Katherine across the little garden.

Spicy pinks and cinnamon roses ran riot in that garden: spiders hung their long webs from the snow-ball bushes, and little wrinkled toads hopped in and out through the southern-wood. A straggling mass of daisies thrust their heads through the gaps in the fence. Katherine had a little bunch of the blossoms at her throat now: "White-weed," her mother called them: but Katherine always said "Daisies."

Yes, she was a very pretty Katherine, in her blue gown and little buckled shoes; at least, so Isaac Mark thought as he stood beneath her and looked across in rather a doubtful way, for Katherine's lips were set in a decided little line, and Katherine's brows were knitted in a determined frown, which boded no good to some one and that some one was the luckless Isaac.

"I tell you, I will not be married by a Universalist minister; if I can't be married as I choose, why"—one of the little buckled shoes came down emphatically at this point and finished the sentence better than words could have done. A flush crept up into Isaac's brown cheeks, and a proud look into his gray eyes, but he answered very gravely:

"Then, Katherine, you certainly cannot expect me to put up with a Methodist parson." Apparently Katherine didn't expect at all: Isaac could do as he saw fit, it mattered little to her. She only stood there on the door-step, swinging herself back and forth on her high heels, and gazing abstractedly over Isaac's head towards the sloping hill-sides.

A long pause—then Isaac's bass voice settled the question for them both:

"All there is about it then, is for us to be married by the Baptist parson. I'll go and see him about it directly, if it suits your majesty." The firm little line disappeared instantly, the brown head nodded assent, and Katherine signified her respect for that creed "or any," she tantalizingly added, "other than the Universalist."

Isaac was a Universalist, it must be said, and Katherine was a staunch Methodist. She had had her doubts about marrying Isaac at all, but had finally consented on condition that he should go half the time to her church and she would go the other half to his.

Isaac strolled leisurely off towards the parson's, and Katherine scampered back into her pretty chamber with its impossible blue roses on its white wall, and resumed her work of getting ready for her wedding.

All about the room lay her pretty belongings, here, a heap of dainty handkerchiefs,

there, a pile of snowy embroideries with a little sprinkle of rose-leaves laid between every fold, and over there, spread out in state was the wedding gown. Such a wonderful wedding gown, as it seemed to Katherine, made all of shining silk so stiff that it would fairly stand alone, and, save for the foamy laces at the neck, of but one sheer beautiful color, ashes-of-roses. She had earned it all herself, this wonderful gown, and her own dimpled fingers had sewn into every seam some beautiful memory. She gave it a little smooth, every now and then, as she sat putting the last touches to her wedding bonnet, and a little soft song came over her lips, a bride's song—

"Something borrowed,
And something blue;
Something old,
And something new,"—

and every time she sang it, she looked down at the ring on her finger and was glad she had the "something blue." The June breeze came softly in and played with her hair, and the June roses nodded at her from the window, and still her song went on.

Meanwhile, Isaac had made the unfortunate discovery that Rev. Mr. Mace, the Baptist parson, had exchanged for the preceding Sunday, and would be absent on the next day also. 'Serves me right," thought Isaac, "for putting things off 'til the very day before the wedding. I'll try the Orthodox minister." But the bell of the great house on the hill struck sorrow to his heart with its muffled peal, and it was with feelings of mingled despair and vexation that Isaac heard the maid's polite apology, "I am very sorry, but Mr. Nix is too ill to see anyone."

"Well," he sighed, "there's nothing for it, but to harness up and go to Kennebunk for a Presbyterian." He did "Harness up" and he did "Go" but to no avail; the Presbyterian minister declined to render his services on so hasty a notice and at so distant a residence. Poor Isaac! Late that night he returned to Katherine still stitching away and humming her little song, and told his pitiful tale. Katherine couldn't see the pitiful side of it at all; the comical side, the obstinate side, and her own unfortunate side, all these Katherine could see, but the pathetic, never. Mother Brown scolded, and Mother Mark expressed her opinion that "Katherine acted terrible foolish," but without effect: Katherine was indomitable; she would not give up to Isaac this one time; she might have to all the rest of her life, but her wedding was her own. Indeed, Isaac was almost as anxious as she was herself, still he hated to be married by a Methodist; "Somehow, it goes against the grain," he said. Yet, the next morning, the very morning of his wedding day, he put on a brave face and started for the Methodist parsonage with, after all, rather a light heart in his breast. Whatever happened, was it not his wedding day?

But on the road, whom should he meet but the Justice of the Peace, and the brilliant idea straightway occurred to him, to engage the services of this dignitary.

Accordingly, he broached the subject in his best style and most hopeful manner, only to meet with the usual result. The Justice had a most important engagement, "Otherwise, my dear Isaac; I would be more than gratified to perform the ceremony," and so forth and so on, all of which merely served to sugar-coat the pill for Isaac.

He went directly on to the little cottage beside the big white church, and shortly afterward, made his appearance at the proper time and place for the wedding, with the dear old Methodist minister by his side.

But what was the matter with Katherine? There she stood at the door, on that big stone door-step, in her shimmering wedding-gown. Whoever heard of a bride in her wedding clothes, out in the garden? Yet there stood

Katherine, and what a Katherine! She gave one little gasp, and one excited wave towards the parlor door, and fled. There in the little parlor occupying the stiff hair-cloth chairs, sat three grave and clerical-looking gentlemen, exchanging the common places of the day. The first was the Rev. Mr. Mace who, having unexpectedly arrived home and hearing of the exigencies of the case, had immediately appeared on the scene to see if he could be of any aid to his "Dear young friends." Next to him, and with all the dignity due to his office sat the Justice of the Peace, who had discovered that his engagement was not so pressing as it first appeared, and who, touched by the unconcsious eloquence of Isaac's *despairing* face, had likewise repaired to the scene of action. And on the other side of the room sat the Presbyterian minister from Kennebunk, whose conscience had troubled him on the remembrance of Isaac's pathetic plea, that there was no one else whom he could possibly get, and on whom the recollection of his own wedding-day had had a softening effect.

Each was apparently unconscious of the other's part in the matter, and evidently each considered that the other two were merely invited guests.

But Isaac had had enough of such hesitation: all he cared for in the world now was the bright look on his Katherine's face when he told her that the Methodist and only the Methodist minister should marry them. There were a few quiet explanations, a little subdued laughter, and then Katherine Brown stood up in her ashes-of-roses gown and was made over by a few sweet words into Katherine Mark. The June roses laughed and nodded at one another, and the June breeze played just the same with Katherine's hair and kissed the bride over and over again in the most shameless manner possible.

And many, many Junes have smiled on her since then; the wedding-gown has long ago been made over for other Katherines, and the pretty brown hair has grown quite gray, but looking down at my grandmother's faded cheeks I catch again the sweetness from the ashes of the roses that bloomed so long ago.

Lillian P. Quimby.

TO GRACE.

I.

One bright sunny day, my tale runs this way,
I dreamed that I saw the three Graces at play.
There faces so fair
Were free from all care,
And they frisked and they frolicked with merriment rare.

II.

Their robes of pure white flashed clear in the light,
And their golden hair gleamed in the radiance bright.
Their eyes that were blue
With heaven's own hue,
Were calm with content that is known but to few.

III.

And soon, not with fear, but with aspect of cheer,
A white-haired magician did swiftly appear.
A twirl of his thumb—
It may seem strange to some,
But *three* Graces suddenly *one* had become!

A. W. K.

A young woman was recently arrested and put in prison, in Cambridge, England, for walking with a student. There is an old law in that town to that effect, and it is seldom violated.—*The Tech.*

OBTUSE.

"It's ten P. M.," the maiden said.
But useless did it prove:
He didn't seem to understand
That P. M. meant "*Please move.*"

—*Ex.*

TO MY LADY.

Be my lady
  Fair of face
Sooth I care not.
  Gentle graces.
She possesseth,
  Not of earth,
And the stars
  That saw her birth
Named her courteous,
  Kindly, good ; —
Better this
  Than noble blood.
I love my lady,
  Dare I pray
That she love me,
  Come some day ?

K.

PEN PICTURES.

A BIT OF HOME.

Bring your books and papers, and come with me to my favorite nook out under the apple trees. The ground slopes gently toward the west, and is bounded by a genuine New England stone wall, covered with moss and overrun with grapevines. In the crannies of the wall, flowers and bushes have sprung up, while down in one corner is a tangle of wild roses, which send down a shower of pink petals to the ground.

The soft grass makes a carpet for our feet, and as we lean back against the gnarled old tree trunks, the silence is unbroken, save by the soft twittering of a bird, or by a rustle in the grass, as an apple is loosened from its stem, and falls at our feet.

As we look up through the inter-lacing boughs with their network of twigs and green leaves, we catch glimpses of the blue sky with floating wreaths of filmy white clouds. Down on the slope are patches of sunlight, and the shadows come and go as the branches overhead are tossed by the wind.

On the left are some gay flowers, the nasturtiums of crimson and gold, the pansy and the marigold, so well known in our grandmother's garden.

While we sit here, in sunlight and shadow, the soft breeze turning the leaves of the book which lies idle before us, it seems the time for day dreams, and there come to us visions of the forest of Arden, and of the happy life in the greenwood.

Sylvia Clark, Sp.

THE LADY ON THE CLOCK.

It was a wonder that the brass pendulum never stopped to look at her or that the iron weights did not forget to fall. For she was a very beautiful lady. She had been painted on the glass door of the clock a great many years —fifty at least. Her low-necked, crimson gown with the puffed sleeves was old-fashioned and her three big rolls of hair looked strange in these days of more modest coils. But her dazzling complexion, her beautiful neck and gracefully-poised head would have done credit to amodern belle.

Indeed, the children thought that they had never seen anyone half so lovely. Cousin Kate had pink cheeks and soft brown hair but she scowled at times—they had seen her—and there were no ugly lines on the smooth brow of the lady on the clock. Sister Sue had exquisite gowns and a stately head crowned with masses of dark hair. But sister Sue did not have the gracious smile of the lady of the clock.

The two children often stood hand in hand and looked at her. "She almost looks back at us," they would say to each other in wistful tones. But she never did quite. They thought her an enchanted princess fastened to the clock face by some wicked magician and they hoped for the time when the handsome prince would come to release her. For she must have had lovers, a great many of them : and she must love someone, else why did she look so sad and lonely ?

One night there was a great storm. The wind blew furiously and shook the old house from garret to cellar. Then there came a crash! The family rushed down stairs and found the clock fallen flat on the floor. The oaken frame was stout and had stood the shock; the iron weights and machinery were broken, still the clock-mender could put them to rights. But the glass door on which the beautiful lady was painted—that was shattered to atoms and no clock-mender could put it together. One of the children wept bitterly but the other put his arm around her and told her he thought that the prince had come and rescued the lady from the wicked magician. Then they were both comforted.

Theodora Kyle.

A KITTEN.

"Nance McKown, stop that screechin' this minnit! 'Zif my head warn't nigh splittin' naow, an' all them sody bisquits ter bake 'fore dad comes home ter tea. An' there you are amakin' noise fit to drive folks crazy. Stop I tell yer!"

There a tin kettle-cover comes skimming towards the place where Nancy, a girl of about thirteen, was standing, "washin' up" the kettles and pans, and singing in a lively way that most cheerful hymn,

"Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?"

But long before the cover reached the spot where Nancy stood, she was out of the door prancing with mischievous glee.

Out of sight she went, in the gathering dusk, round the corner of the barn, where she was suddenly tripped up and sent headlong in the long grass.

"Ah crackey! Why can't yer look where y'er goin', Nance, yer nigh killed me jest naow. Told yer I'd be here, too."

The speaker, a boy a little older than Nance, sprang up from his soft bed in the grass and shook himself free from the hay-seed with which he was plentifully covered.

"Say, Nance, tell yer what," he continued, "Deb's goin' down ter the shore with that Hodgdon feller to-night, to watch the moon rise, an' less you an' I go 'long, too, an' teaze 'em. Say, will yer?"

"Wont I jist! How'd yer find out? Deb'd never let on. Be they goin' to the South Shore? Oh my! what fun."

After tea Dick and Nance, slipping from the house, followed Deb and "that Hodgdon feller" at a discreet distance. But alas! candy tempts, and buying "a couple 'er sticks pep'mint" at the corner store delayed Dick and Nance so long that Deb was out of sight when they returned to the pursuit. When they reached the rocks, they crept cautiously along, lest they should disturb the infatuated couple, until they came to the top of a small cliff. Just then a kitten scrambled across the rocks in front of them, startling them and causing Nance to sit down in a pool of salt water.

The night was still and carried the sound of a low-toned conversation to the two pursuers on the cliff.

"There they be!" whispered Nance, and Dick creeping to the edge nodded in confirmation, and then drew back convulsed with suppressed laughter. Dick whispered something to Nance which nearly caused her to lose her equilibrium.

"Dare you to!" he whispered.

"Wouldn't I git it though!"

"Scare cat! 'fraid of a lickin'."

"I aint a scare cat! you ketch it an' I will."

"Truly and honestly, black and bluely?"

"Honest Injun, Dick!"

The moon only now and then peered through the clouds, and the darkness and the dull roar of the breakers hid Dick from sight and drowned the noise the nails in his boots made, as he scampered hither and thither like a will 'o the wisp.

"I've got it," he whispered, "you go'ne do it now. No sirree! you can't back out now, you crossed your throat on it, an' you've got ter do it. Hurry up!"

Nance stole softly to the edge of the cliff, held something up which wiggled and squirmed, then dropped it.

Shadowy forms are seen scudding away in the distance, but dire confusion reigns at the foot of the cliff. Screams and gruff growlings arise.

"Dratted little imps! Won't I jist pay 'em for droppin' that pesky cat on us, an' won't marm McKown give it to 'em when she hears on it!"

'Tis needless to say she did.

AN AUGUST NOONTIDE.

I am setting on the broad veranda of the old adobe house, waiting for the afternoon sea-breeze.

Just below the brow of the hill upon which the ranch house stands, runs one of the few California rivers that do not dry up in summer. Beyond this the valley stretches brown and hot in the glaring sunshine. In the distance there is a cloud of yellow dust raised by a band of sheep coming up to the shearing.

Looking north across the willows and the alfalfa fields, I see the "City of the Angels" nestling at the foot of the mountains. At the east of the range San Bernardino raises his head, reminding me that it is not hot every where.

But it is to the south that my eyes most frequently turn. Beyond the corrals, beyond the tules and the gray salt grass, beyond the white sand banks, lies the blue Pacific, whence the breeze must come.

The garden is full of the odor of the oleanders and magnolias. Not a sound breaks the stillness, save the distant bleating of the sheep and the drowsy buzz of the flies.

Suddenly I see a movement among the topmost leaves of the pepper. I feel the cooling breath from the sea. All the world is waking up. The click of the shears tells me that the Mexicans have ended their siesta. The vaquero is saddling his horse, the windmill by the spring has begun work, and so must I.

S. H. B. '94

SAM CHARLIE.

You can see him almost any morning, jogging along the street, balancing two huge round baskets on a pole across his shoulders. This is "Sam Charlie," our Chinese vegetable vender and his daily morning wail of "Blackberries!" is an infallible sign of the return of summer. It is indeed a wail, for his voice expresses the most hopeless misery and despair.

Watch him as he turns in at our gate and comes up the path. His shoulders are bent under the weight of his load, but he moves with a brisk trot, which makes his pole bend and his old baskets creak at each step. His loose linen blouse and his voluminous trousers flap about him as he walks.

He stops near us and deposits his load. We see that his blue linen frock is old, and worn, and faded, with a patch on his bent shoulders, where the heavy pole has rested. He wears thick-soled slippers, showing his neatly starched stockings. An old straw hat covers his smoothly shaved head and the long queue wound about it.

His face is brown and wrinkled, but can he really have been making those despairing cries only a moment ago? His shrewd, slanting eyes shine with good-nature, and he shows a row of white teeth as he proudly exhibits his stock-in-trade. And what do those baskets not contain in the way of garden produce? He removes tray after tray, beginning with berries at the top, and ending at the bottom of the basket with cabbage and potatoes. You may even find a choice bit of fresh fish tucked away in a corner.

His smile is still there even if you decline to buy, and he shoulders his load and jogs cheerfully away to renew his heart-rending cry at the next street corner.

Blanche E. C. Staples.

A TALE OF THE ST. CLAIR FOGS.

Little Papa Gottenburgher's round, red face beamed with happiness, as he shut the door of his tiny shop. It was a hot summer afternoon in the lowCity of the Straits. No breeze blew from the river. The sun hung like a ball of fire in the sky. The pavement shone white and glaring, but Papa Gottenburgher was too engrossed in his own modest happiness to care for the heat. He shuffled along over the pavement in his apologetic fashion, and with every step the smile on his face grew broader.

He came at last to a row of small, dust-colored cottages all alike. One of them boasted a garden in front, where sunflowers and marigolds and hollyhocks grew. A little woman with a pale, tired face sat upon the doorstep, and a white-haired child played among the flowers. The child trotted down the narrow path to meet Papa Gottenburgher, who caught him in his arms and tossed him high in the air.

"I haf one surprise for thee, mine Elspeth," said the little father, when his happiness could contain itself no longer. "My most kindt friend has given me his boat for use on the morrow, and we will picnic together in it, we and the kindt. The hot weather is not gut to mine Elspeth, but on the morrow, the happiness will to her bring back the roses to her cheeks."

Elspeth's tired face flushed with pleasure. So they planned the coming treat, and after the stars came out, they sat on the doorstep long together, and talked in low voices of the morrow's happiness. They had never been on the lakes before. That required money and Papa Gottenburgher was very poor.

The morrow was also warm, but as the little party embarked on the tiny launch, cool breezes played about them, the river dimpled and sparkled in the sunlight and the low shores lay fair and green in the distance. Baby Gottenburgher laughed and clapped his hands at the flying foam, and the little father and mother smiled into each other's eyes when they saw his happiness. "The little boat is named 'Gut Luck,' mine Elspeth," said the father. "May it bring to us gut luck."

The river was alive with craft that bright Sunday morning. Great lumber rafts, heavily laden schooners and pleasure boats passed by the launch in never-ending succession. The party in the "Good Luck" gazed about them with wide-open eyes. Sometimes the sailors on the barges that labored clumsily by, would laugh as the tiny craft, and shout "Good morning down there," and Papa Gottenburgher forgetting his timidity, would wave his broad brimmed hat and shout back "Gut morning." But once a propeller, higher, blacker, and vaster than any which had gone before, towered past them, and Elspeth shuddered. "It is like a monster," she said, "How easily it could crush us!"

Past Belle Isle puffed the little craft, into the broad expanse of Lake St. Clair, and the green Canadian shore faded away in the distance.

The sun climbed high in the sky, the tired mother fell asleep, and the white-haired child sat in the bottom of the boat and laughed at the white flecks of foam. The father turned the launch about, but he did not see that the American shore had faded away, and that they were alone in the midst of the broad, shining waters.

The sun sank lower and lower, and soon the western sky and western waters were flooded with the golden glory of the sunset.

Elspeth awoke with a shiver, and the child began to cry. A chill, white fog arose in the

distant horizon. It crept closer over the green waters. It wrapped the little boat in its ghost-like folds. The moonbeams shining through it, gleamed pale and mystical and strange.

Darker grew the night; denser fell the fog, until the moonbeams could no longer penetrate it. Papa Gottenburgher groped in the boat for a lantern; but it had been forgotten, and his heart sank with a terrible fear. The mother hushed the child's cries, and putting his little hands together bade him lisp his evening prayer. The baby accents, low and sweet, lost themselves in the stillness, and the father broke into sobs, the sobs of a strong man in despair.

Suddenly out of the mist there loomed something dark and vast. Elspeth shrieked. There was a sudden crash, a tossing and curling of the calm waters and then a towering propeller passed away in the darkness, like some huge unconth monster. The fog settled down on Lake St. Clair. The waters became still again and there was nothing there, but blackness and death.

A VALENTINE.

On this day, the legends say,
The flowers wake from their sleep,
And birds make love in tree-tops drear,
Glad that winter, old and sear,
Is going on his way.

On this day, the legends say,
Love wakes from its dream,
And human hearts catch up the spell,
And human lips are glad to tell
Each their own true lay.

I'll tell you mine, my Valentine,
May you wish to hear;
Hearts only can cure heart's unrest;
Love, of all things else, is best;
No heart's love like thine.

E. T.

Phillips Andover has more students than any New England college except Yale, Harvard and Wellesley.—*Ex.*

COLLEGE NOTES.

WEEKLY BULLETIN.—Monday, February 15, 11 A. M. Lecture by Dr. Albert Shaw. 7.30 P. M. Students' Concert.

Tuesday, February 16, 7 P. M. Lecture by Dr. Shaw.

Saturday, February 20, 7.30 P. M. Lecture on Ancient Rome by Prof. Lord.

Sunday, February 21, 11 A. M. Preaching by Rev Jesse L. Hurlburt of New York.

Miss Mabel Jenkins, '92, has left College on account of ill health.

Miss Caroline Randolph, '94, has gone home for a rest.

Miss Nye, '93, has become a day scholar.

On last Thursday evening the Congregational church in the village was crowded to hear Bishop Brooks, who came to administer the rite of Confirmation to a class of ten belonging to the Wellesley Episcopal Mission. Dr. Shinn of Newton kindly gave his choir and organist for the occasion. Bishop Brooks preached an eloquent sermon, and the whole service was beautiful and impressive.

There have been but few days when the sleighing was good, but the opportunities which were given were eagerly seized and merry parties have enjoyed a jolly good time.

Miss May Gilman, '88, was at the College last week. She is teaching as a substitute temporarily at Dana Hall.

Miss Delano, '85-'86, has been the guest of Miss Tuttle during the past week.

A meeting of the Wellesley College Settlement Association was held in Elocution Hall on Friday, February 5, at 4 P. M. To this meeting all those interested in the college settlement movement were invited. The president, Miss Scudder, announced that the Wellesley Chapter of the Association had been duly acknowledged by the Academic Council.

A motion was made and carried that an amendment to the constitution, suggested by the council, be adopted. Miss Scudder then told of her visit to the New York Settlement during the Christmas holidays, and of the prospects for the Settlement in Boston. She was impressed with the truth that the New York Settlement is now a fact and a success, and showed that a visit there makes one fully appreciate the reality of life and the power of God. Christmas in New York is fully of excitement, and it is a particularly interesting time to be at the Settlement. Many wonderful things are to be seen in the work without, in the visiting : the Christmas spirit which pervades everything : the influence—the very perceptible influence—which the Settlement exerts, and the regard the people show for every member. Within the Settlement all the Christmas festivities are to be seen :—the dinner party to the mothers, the entertainment to two hundred children gathered in from the streets, and the entertainments for the different clubs. All the children were given pretty gifts ; each girl who belongs to the clubs received a tea-set, a picture, a pair of rubbers and a—tooth-brush ! The boys in the clubs were made happy with a knife apiece, and two hundred dainty dolls sent by the Vassar girls were distributed to as many little girls outside the Settlement Clubs. Life at the Settlement is certainly beautiful and inspiring, and the work that is being accomplished wonderful. The Settlement stands for a right idea,—for salvation, and it carries the day. Everything looks bright for the Boston Settlement, plans are in progress, and all hope for its speedy establishment.

The Holy Communion was celebrated in the chapel on last Sunday morning. Rev. H. A. Bridgman of Boston filled the place which Prof. Denio, who was expected to preach, owing to his illness, was unable to occupy. His text is found in Luke 6 ;48, "He is like a man which built an house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock." Mr. Bridgman suggested three aids to the deepening of the reality of our religious life ;—self-study, the study of the biography of noble lives, and the desire and purpose to be Christ-like.

The regular monthly missionary meeting was held in the chapel last Sunday evening. Rev. John Pierce spoke on missionary work in Turkey, and illustrated his talk by stereopticon views.

Miss Ruth Damon, '90, spent Sunday at Wood.

Miss Ella Trundle, '93, has left college.

Miss Fannie Austin, '93, has gone home on account of ill-health.

Prof. Coman gave a lecture on "Contemporary Russia," in the chapel last Saturday afternoon at four o'clock. In introduction Miss Coman gave a few of the general characteristics of Russia, and then considered the problems which this nation is facing at the present day. Russia is a strange country, and the people are a peculiar European type, the race being Slavic. The civilization is but skin deep, and the nation in general is hopelessly conservative. But among those who are well educated and abreast with the times there is an ultra-radicalism, which asserts itself in what is called Nihilism. The three great problems in Russia today are the industrial, the political and the race. The industrial problem which is the fundamental one is,—how shall six million slaves be converted into good citizens ? Eighty-two per cent of the population are peasantry, and they pay eighty-three per cent of the taxes. They are the most difficult peasantry in Europe to elevate on account of the existence of serfdom, which is but a mild form of slavery. The serfs have some privileges : they have houses and lands, they are assisted by their landlords when in trouble, and they are associated in the village assemblies, which exert in some cases the right of

severe and dreadful punishment. But there is cruel oppression by the owner of the land, if he wishes it, and the terrors of serfdom were so fully realized, even thirty years ago, that a universal emancipation was dreamed of by all. With Alexander II this came, in 1860, but it did not bring the results which were looked forward to. In the end the serfs were the debtors of the government to a hopeless degree, and the movement was followed by a general discontent. Nihilism, pilgrimages, terrorism and assassinations became prevalent, and finally a successful attempt was made on the life of the Tzar. The successor Alexander III is a good man, conscientious in his daily government duties, but he is narrow, suspicious and utterly inadequate to the situation. His policy is to hush up all accounts of suffering, and the general policy of the present government is retrogressive. The emancipation movement was an entire failure. For the landlords it meant loss, financially and industrially. For the peasant it meant degeneration on account of an impossible burden of taxation. This state of the peasantry has led at length to the present famine in Russia. The land is uncultivated because the peasant, to pay the interest on his government debt, sells all his implements, and famine is the result. The political problem has to do with the great reform movement. Since 1825 liberal opinions have gained ground, but under the present Tzar the reforms of Alexander II have been swept away. This political problem is the one best known in the world today, and therefore needs less comment. The recent barbarous expulsion of the Jews from Russia has given rise to the third great problem. There are many reasons put forward for this conduct of the government. Some try to defend it, others eagerly condemn it. The deepest reason seems to be race jealousy, which, although so far it has affected only the Jews, will probably in time expel from Russia all who are not Russians. These three problems are bound up with each other, and together they present a situation like that at the beginning of the French revolution, the only thing which prevents an outbreak being the sluggish apathy of the peasant.

The lectures given by Dr. Shaw are on the subject, "Problems of Great Cities," a different aspect of the subject being taken up each time.

Miss Frances Pullen has left college for a rest.

Mr. Gamaliel Bradford of Boston delivered a lecture in the chapel last Monday evening, on "Defects in Our Government." Mr. Bradford emphasized the importance of every man and woman becoming familiar with our government, its superiorities and its defects. These defects must be known in order that the government be improved. A man may go through a long life, and never come in contact with the Federal government; but with the State government it is different, for on this depend our city governments and our system of public schools. It is conceded that there are gross mismanagements in state affairs, but people do not care to investigate them. Mr. Bradford disagrees with the view that the defects in the state government are due to universal suffrage, and declares on the other hand that the vote of the masses is not really brought to bear on state affairs. The candidates for governor are nominated by fine bodies of men, but these men simply vote for names that are presented to them, and they really do not choose the candidates. Furthermore, the governor is but a figure-head. His veto power is of little value, for although he may say, "not this," he cannot say, "this." The other chief state officers are also elected by the people, and so are responsible to no one for what they do. In the House, itself, the Speaker and his standing committees are all-powerful. Important pub-

lic interests can be brought to the point only through the lobby, which is composed of agents of private or corporative interests. The remedies for these evils are hard to state but Mr. Bradford suggests that great benefits would surely be derived from a strengthening of the executive power. Let the chief executive appoint the other chief state officials, and let them have seats in the legislature. This will in the end bring greater privileges than if they were elected, for the people will know what they are doing in electing a governor. The power to bring forward business and to begin at once will be given to these officials and the standing committees and the lobby will be done away with. Although the world says, "you're going to pieces on corruption," there are men rising who will work to make the executive and legislative powers stand strong and united, and to have the people the arbiters. So shall we astonish the world with our progress, and the nations with our perfected organization.

Saturday evening, February 6, the Art Society and a few intimate friends accepted an invitation from Miss Borden to visit her apartments in Boston, and examine her rare curios. After greeting our charming hostess, who has been with us several times in our Art rambles, our eyes were bewildered by the hosts of bric-a-brac about the two large parlors. The ebony cabinets groaned beneath their treasures, and the number of exclamation marks used during the evening would fill a quarto. One of the great charms of Miss Borden's treasures is that each article seems to be a part of herself, for they are the result of her extended travels, and each is a mile-stone with a story commemmorating some adventure of hers. Here was a tiny fac simile of the seal of King Darius, now in the British Museum; here another original seal of some Assyrian monarch, there a little statue taken from some mummy in Egypt, or an old manuscript roll of the Book of Esther in the original language. Even the curious little stands, which now held choice books, had been brought from the Holy Land and were originally intended for the Koran. We were much interested in the saddles used by Miss Borden in her journeys in Eastern lands, and wondered how she managed "to stay on." There were some copies of letters from Columbus, also a rosary from the port when he sailed for America. Some quaint old lamps caught our eyes, of these Miss Borden has several, representing the various methods for lighting in olden times. The most interesting was one of the kind used in the mosque of San Sophia, Constantinople. Miss Borden also has some fine brass-work, of this she is particularly fond. There were salvers, Persian wash-sets and various bric-a-brac. Even the chairs in the room were a story in themselves, quaint and rich, in keeping with the dark walls, and the queer velvety rugs, covering the polished floors. A divan, enriched by numerous pillows, invited dazed members of the party to repose, here the dream-world crowded in around that reckless one, stirred into being by the strange spirits which seemed to whisper from out the long-dead ages. At eight o'clock, as a reminder that we were living in the nineteenth century, a call was made to the dining room, where a delicate repast was served. This, too, was antique as far as dishes were concerned; my neighbor to the left supped her coffee with a spoon from Mount Zion, another from the Alhambra, while two of us boasted handling spoons of a thousand years ago, as the bowls were formed from ancient coins of an unknown date. Afterwards more treasures awaited our appreciation, but time and the train which wait for no man, forced us to bid a grateful good-night to our generous friend, who cordially whispered "Come again." But hardly "again" could make us familiar with all the varieties which

crowd those rooms,—but we will carry long with us the dream-pictures gained from our one enjoyable visit.

Through the kindness of Mr. Robert Vonnoh, artist of Mrs. Simpson's portrait, Mr. Frank G. Macomber invited Prof. Denio and the students in History of Art to examine his collection of bronzes, tapestries and other art-works.

Accordingly, last Monday, a party of thirty met at Trinity Church, and with Prof. Denio at their head, went to Mr. Macomber's home, 463 Beacon street.

After being warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Macomber, we laid aside our wraps in the library, and, following the lead of our host, began to examine the art treasures that filled the house. It will be impossible to mention half that we saw.

Starting in the parlor, among the first things we noticed were two small bronzes by Barye, *A Lion and Serpent*, and *A Dog*, which looked so natural we half expected to see him wag his tail. Another fine piece of work in bronze, but of entirely different character, was a bas-relief of John the Baptist, by Donatello. Among the paintings here was a caravan scene in an African desert, by Mr. E. L. Weeks, where broad fidelity to nature and truth of detail were blended in fine effect. A sketch, Lucretia di Fede, by Andrea del Sarto interested us very much. The gem of the collection to some of us, at least, was a small picture by Millet, a peasant boy in the woods. The exquisite coloring in this would refute any declaration against Millet's power as a colorist.

We were greatly amused over a curious little miniature from the Guelf Exhibition, representing the eye of Mrs. Fitz-Hubert. On the back of the picture the charms of the "modest eye" were told in verse. Another interesting miniature was one of Lady Somerset, painted on slate.

The chairs of the room delighted us very much. There was one in pale blue, pink and gilt, of Louis XVI.'s time; and, contrasting completely with this, was one of ironwood, inlaid with brass, given by George IV. to Mrs. Fitz-Hubert, the lady of the "modest eye." Another interesting seat was a taborret, embroidered in delicate colors from the Tuileries. This the ladies of the French court were sometimes allowed to use in the presence of royalty.

In speaking of the rare pottery and porcelain ware, we hardly know where to begin. There were several beautiful pieces of Cloisonne, and of Satsuma vases, Sevres plates, and early Worcester cups and saucers; but some of the choicest pieces of the whole collection stood on an exquisitely carved cabinet, just outside the parlor door. These were a piece of Buen Retiro ware, so highly valued by all connoisseurs, and two perfect vases of the Capo di Monte ware. The fireplace in the hall was very interesting. Around it were set beautiful tiles of English make and Moorish pattern, with one, holding a place of honor, actually from the Alhambra, In front was an iron screen, which once had stood in the house of Vibert, and above hung a piece of Gobelin tapestry, representing a Cupid, with fruit and flowers.

There were throughout the house beautiful tapestries, used as wall-hangings and portieres. Perhaps the finest hung in the lower hall, one of Brussels make, dating probably from the early part of the sixteenth century. It represented Ulysses offering the wine to Polyphemus as he devours one of the hero's companions. The border was very interesting, pioturing a series of allegorical and mythological figures.

On the stairway hung a piece of Mortlake tapestry of the first part of the seventeenth century. The portiere before the library door was of Flemish tapestry, representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia, which we noted paticnlarly

for its beautiful red coloring. Another interesting tapestry was one after a design by Rubens.

Perhaps the most beautiful hangings in the house were portieres in the dining room, made of embroidery from the Alhambra. The dining-room itself deserves special mention. The walls were hung with tapestries, forming a background for interesting pieces of armor. Below stood dark old cabinets of exquisite workmanship, on one of which was a masterpiece in bronze—*A Jaguar and Hare*, by Barye. It is impossible to describe this work of genius, but the privilege of having seen it will always be gratefully remembered by the class. Another bronze particularly claiming our attention was a bust of Niccolo Pisano. The expression was irresistible, and we all felt like joining in the good man's laugh. A Greek helmet dating 300 B. C. was interesting, especially to our Greek students.

On a cabinet in one corner was an exquisite little collection of vases and other rare bits of bric-a-brac. Old silver has an attraction for everybody, and many of us longed to linger before the buffet. In speaking of the silver we are reminded of an old Spanish lamp, hanging near one of the windows, a wonderful piece of work of the 16th century. Hanging from the centre of the room was a beautiful French chandelier of the time of the Empire. Before leaving the dining-room a "light" luncheon was served, and in spite of the seventh heaven of Art in which we had been revelling, we found we could readily descend and enjoy this thoroughly.

We then followed our host upstairs, passing on the way a fine bust of Conde. Mrs Macomber allowed us to see her room, and our expressions of delight showed how much we appreciated her kindness. It was largely filled with furniture of the time of Louis XVI: but several other periods were represented. On one side stood a state bed with draperies and coverings of old gold. At the far end was a perfect toilet table, a commode of marquitry with bombe front, ornamented with bronzes, chased and gilded. Of the many beautiful things upon it, we were most interested in a shell comb, once the property of Marie Antoinette. The chandelier gave the finishing touch to the room. It was of French design, and we heard with interest that it once belonged to President Jefferson.

We then went to the library again, when after looking at various pictures and bronzes, we spent some time over the valuable books on tapestry, pottery and bronzes, which Mr. Macomber had spread out on the tables for us to examine.

The time flew very quickly, and it was with sincere regret that we reminded ourselves that we must not overtax our kind host and hostess. They indeed had done all possible for our enjoyment, and as we bade them farewell we felt that we could with difficulty thank them for so happy a day.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

Miss Mabel G. Curtis, '90, has accepted a position in the Dedham High school.

Miss Emma Smith Peters, '87, is teaching in the High school at West Randolph, Vt.

Miss Mary Gilman, '88, is teaching at Dana Hall for a short time during Miss Guild's absense.

Born.

In Rockford, Ill., Jan. 2nd, twin sons, William and Emerson, to Mrs. Harriet Emerson Hinchliffe, '82.

"He writeth best who stealeth best,
Ideas both great and small,
For the great soul who wrote them first,
From nature stole them all."—*Ex.*

The editors on the Yale *Lit.* are elected by Bryn Mawr.—*Ex.*

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